

out, turned and made our way out. It was after mid night and the sky only varied shades of grey. While retiring I could look out and easily see the fort at the narrowest spot. It was on an island, joined to another by a bridge. The banks were built up, the tops very green with grass. There were cannons protruding and it was most impressive. It was at the gateway of the narrower fjord. Although nearly two when we went to bed, it was quite like our dawn.

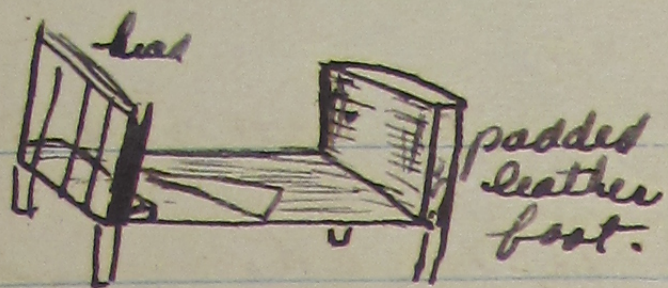
June 10. 13 days. - unlucky? I guess not!

I'll say I dressed in a hurry and got my things packed. [I had a huge breakfast:] Then did some writing. After lunch we took pictures. I got a nice one of the artist & his wife with a smart cigar. Of course it clouded in the afternoon & rained buckets in the afternoon. Just before dinner we passed very near the castle of Kronborg. Here Shakespear laid the ^{plot} of Hamlet and Ophelia. We could see it very distinctly. I had many of the most curious towers, tiny windows and what-

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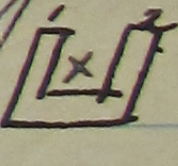
appeared to be a brick wall was round about the building. This was an old moat or canal to safe guard it. The roof sloped sharply and was a pale green colour. The walls were a drab shade with age. Many new buildings were being built. It was the Castle 500th Anniversary and great plays of Hamlet are to be produced during July. On the other side were the clear shores of Sweden. Contrasting with Denmark it showed the mts. in the distance but standing out in fascination were the old windmills slowly turning. It was most picturesque and lovely sight. On closer view with the glasses the King's country residence could be seen, a red building with many balconies and a green roof. Sail-boats were passing the boat enjoying the pouring rain. There were so many there might have been a race. A pilot tug came out and towed us into Harbour. Then we made the smartest landing, stern first and found mobs on the dock. The faces were priceless. Not one word could we understand but expressions were all we needed. One poor lad was equiesit in the pouring rain, no umbrella, his soft hat

in many folds about his head, the water streaming off, but he was handsomely clothed in a smile. His bouquet was of yellow (buttercups?) flowers and other woody species, still he waved frantically and beamed all other. It greeted us all. At last we landed — slow — and — sh-tately. Then — we waited (— and waited — and then some, for our bags. The room was all littered off and you had to collect the baggage under the letter. After weary hours spent in line slaving it and officer inspected it and insisted on talking klanish to my horror. My lock misbehaved so that he could not open my suitcase so passed it any. Nice lad that klan! On our way to the hotel the taxi was stopped and our baggage again examined for inspection marks. No chance for escape here. We were simply dead when we reached the hotel. I was a lucky devil with a nice single room. A washstand you could bath in. A writing table desk, three chairs wardrobe & bed, all mahogany. The beds are very comfortable, I'd like to sleep in them all day. They have padded foats



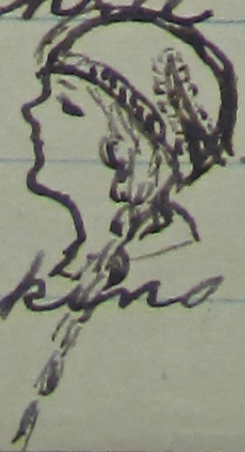
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— so your feet would wiggle out the end. (The kind Bert should have.) The double rooms are a scream. Twin beds, jammed together with only one top cover for the two. I'll say we slept like logs and not even the noise on the cobble street below bothered me until early morn.

June 11.

Two Danish girls took us out to Institute of Physical Training. One called Karm (pronounced Con) taught in New York one year. The school had been recently built by Knudsen. Miss Langtrees patron saint. It was modern in every sense. Both boys and girls attended but had separate gyms. It was built on Bukhs plan,  with a beautiful garden court between the wings (1 & 2). One wing (1) was a gym for the boys, the other for the girls. I have never seen such a beautifully equipped gym. The walls were white, the windows on both side high up and to my horror closed. We were about to see a lesson and still they remained closed. We all noticed

this and commented. It was as usual they said, Nils Bukk did the same to start his class. It did not take so long to warm up the class, then about half way thru they were opened and it proved to be much better. The girls of Denmark did not seem to be the exceptionally heavy kind we had imagined, but were nimble, loose and very light. This was a class of Knudsen who used to be very strictly Swedish. It was far different from our M.E.S make and more of Nils Bukk. They started off in his manner by entering singing. Not the formal marching of Miss Langtree. During the lesson, folk dances were introduced and you could tell everyone enjoyed them. These girls were to be normal teachers of phy Ed. Unlike our public schools, they all had gymnasiums. We were taken thru the class rooms, equipped to perfection. For kinesiology they had nearly life size figures white with the muscles showing out in red. Another had all the organs (artificial & covered) that could be removed one at a time so

you could see how each was placed.
 The pictures were most noticeable.
 All greek statues and old historic figures.
 The instructress there took us over to see
 a typical public school where the poorer
 children of Copenhagen attended. To our
 surprise it was the most lovely big
 building of red brick and the usual
 attractive red roof. It was covered with
 vines and gave it more the distinguished
 appearance of a boarding school. The
 children were not like our poor. They were
 nicely dressed, very clean and the greater
 number fair with bright-blue eyes. The
 most striking feature appeared there
 capability in not having to be told by
 teachers where to go & how. They marched
 along hand in hand, and even outside
 were in straight lines ready for the teacher
 when she finally came. We were
 showed the kitchen - our domestic science
 room. Here the girls wore neat little
 caps, three corners meeting at the back
 with a little lace on the edge. The girls
 were making butter cakes, - like our muffins



and we were treated. They were very good! It was the seventh grade of the school. The teachers spoke a little English and were so kind to us. After lunch we went sight-seeing in a huge bus. It was a bright afternoon and we were able to take pictures. We passed the royal palace where the guards stood in their tall bear skin caps. There was a moat around for protection but was used for fishing boats. At the water edge there were many ~~varied~~ mastie boats [I had would have enjoyed it.] Some fishing boats others real old time schooners and a few with the appearance of the ancient viking bows. We saw the Palace of the exiled Russians, one the Mother of the Czar. It seems she is not exceedingly popular, although we were not told why. I believe she is a stiff old aristocrat. The yacht club was a colourful spot. Spacious verandas and bright umbrellas, the usual tables outside. As we got out in the country the thatched houses appeared, old but so attractive.

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We stopped at Deer Haven and walked into the most lovely meadows. The trees were low and branchy. The trunks were very wide & thick. Some trees were in blossom. This place lived up to its name and we came upon a herd of deer. They were darker than our red deer and a few were a pure white. We could get close enough to take their pictures. On our way home we passed the "little seas" (small lakes) which gave the appearance of Venice with the houses on each side. There were a variety of ducks and swans in the water and the Pavillion at one end gave a picturesque appearance. That night we went to Livoli (not like the Toronto Theatre) I had no idea what it was like. It kept light so long in the evening we did not go until late. It was a gorgeous spot. An amusement place, Coney Island, Atlantic City & Sunnyside mixed up into a perfect bundle. What was most striking, was their use of nature to beautify the place. They had gorgeous flower beds, all kinds and colours imaginable. There was a lovely lake with glassy

water reflecting exactly like a mirror. Along the banks were half circles of electric lights which when lighted would look like starry hoops in the water. Men rowed people about in big awkward boats but it ^{seemed} was a bit tame. The most popular pastime was eating. Cafes and restaurants all about. All had tables outside too, and each one different. The only nasty thing about it was a 10% tax on all food which made your bill go skyrocketing. ~~They~~ didn't mind that as the people looked happy with their glass of beer or what-not. Some were huge glasses too. First we went on the roller coaster. The front seat of course. The railway was thru a rocky mountain. We saw the moon on top, and looked down into a burning red crater, then we'd pass a house & go plap, our breath leaving us entirely. The jumps weren't very bad as there were brakes on the car. Lastly we went thru a very dark tunnel which proved interesting to a couple behind us as we could watch the lighted cigar. Next we explored the

hall of mirrors, everything was green, the walls etc (me too). I laughed until the tears rolled down my cheeks. It was a howl. One minute I was a dwarf, the next a giant, one time my hat stretched to an enormous height, and then my shoes grew to huge proportions. Another room was all red & just as funny. There there was a fountain and on inspecting it there was a penny in the bottom and if picked up gave you the sweetest electric shock. There were all kinds of side shows and a very beautiful concert hall. The lights were brilliant and the crowd grew as the place got darker. We watched the people dance. Some were funny. A man went about watching and speaking to any who giggled too much. There was a variety of dancing there all right. We had tea up in an old Japanese pergola (again I can't spell) just over the lake and we had a fine view of everything. We went home dead tired.

June 12.

Got up early then went down town exploring the shops. I got a few odd bluish silver trinkets, cuff-links and a pin but



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